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The Uprising of 1861

Woodbury

E834.
835
Woodbury

Augustus Woodbury

THE UPRISING OF 1861

The Illustration of a True Patriotism

A SERMON

Preached in Providence R I

JULY 21 1895

BEFORE THE

VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND RHODE ISLAND REGIMENTS AND BATTERIES

BY

AUGUSTUS WOODBURY

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE AND APPENDIX

The Providence Press:
SNOW & FARNHAM, PRINTERS
15 Custom House Street.
1895.

From the Author (353)

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Woodbury

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

By Fred A. Arnold.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Bull Run, fought on Sunday, July 21, 1861, occurring this year on Sunday, it was deemed fitting by the veterans of the First and Second Regiments and the Batteries connected with them, to commemorate the occasion by a joint religious service. The meeting-house of the Central Baptist Society in Providence was kindly tendered for the exercises. The executive committees of the Associations having completed the necessary arrangements, the following circulars and invitations were sent to the members, and many distinguished official and civic friends:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT AND FIRST BATTERY RHODE ISLAND DETACHED MILITIA VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

Howard, R. I., July 6, 1895.

Comrade:

The Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D. D., Chaplain of our Association, has kindly consented to hold a Special Service for the veterans of the First and Second Regiments' Veteran Associations, Sunday morning, July 21, 1895, at the Central Baptist Church, Providence.

As it may be the last opportunity that we shall have our Chaplain with us, on an occasion of this kind, it is earnestly hoped that all the members of

the Regiment and Battery who were privileged to listen to him while in Camp Sprague, in 1861, will avail themselves of this opportunity, and be present.

Please report at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on Exchange place, Providence, at 10 A. M., wearing dark clothes, straw hats and white gloves.

Several prominent citizens of our State will be invited to accompany the Associations.

Per order of the Executive Committee,

NELSON VIALL,
Chairman

GEO. EDWARD ALLEN,
Secretary.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND R. I. VOLUNTEERS AND BATTERY A, VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

COMRADE:

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Bull Run occurs on Sunday, July 21, 1895.

In grateful recognition of the hand that guided us through the perils of that "Battle Sunday," and the many years of war and peace succeeding, the Executive Committee of the Regiment in conjunction with a like Committee of the First Regiment and First Battery, R. I. D. M. Veteran Association, have arranged a Memorial Service for that day, which will be held in the Central Baptist Church, in Providence, at 10.45 A. M., upon which occasion a sermon will be preached by the Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D. D., the beloved Chaplain of the First Regiment, and the Historian of the Second.

Members of the Association will meet at the Monument on Exchange place, at 9.45 o'clock A. M., and join with the First Regiment in receiving and escorting the guests of the day.

JAMES ABORN,
President.

FRED A. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 6, 1895.

The First Regiment and First Battery, Rhode Island Detached Militia Veteran Association, and the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers and Battery A Veteran Association, cordially invite you to be present at Divine Service, to be held in the Central Baptist Church, Providence, on Sunday, July 21st, at 10.45 A. M., being the thirty-fourth anniversary of the first battle of Bull Run.

The Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D. D., formerly Chaplain of the First Regiment, will preach.

Special music, appropriate to this occasion, will be rendered.

The guests are requested to assemble at the Narragansett Hotel at 10.20 A. M.

GEO. EDWARD ALLEN,
JAMES S. HUDSON,
Committee for the 1st Reg., V. A.

ELISHA H. RHODES,
FRED A. ARNOLD,
Committee for the 2d Reg., V. A.

In compliance with the above orders, the Associations met at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on Exchange place,—the First Regiment and First Battery under command of President Charles Morris Smith, and the Second and Battery A under President James Aborn.

The line, under command of Gen. Nelson Viall, the senior commissioned officer in the State, and Ex-President of both Associations, moved to the Narragansett Hotel, where the invited guests were given a place between the Veteran Associations, and the whole, under escort of the Slocum Light Guard, (Co. G, First Regiment, R. I. M.,) Capt. George A. Forsyth commanding, marched to the Central Baptist Church.

The attendance was large, the body of the church being completely filled with the veterans and their friends; the platform was simply yet fittingly decorated for the occasion; upon either side of the pulpit were stacked the Infantry and Artillery Colors and Guidons of the Associations, and from the organ gallery, in rear of the speaker, depended the beautiful silk flag of the Boys' Brigade of the Central Baptist Sunday-school.

The platform and its approaches were covered with a profusion of palms and potted plants, and on the communion table in front of the desk rested a large basket of bright summer flowers.

The music for the occasion was arranged and conducted by Mr. Howard L. Carpenter, and was rendered by the following gentlemen:

Organist, NEWELL L. WILBUR.
First Tenor, HOWARD L. CARPENTER.

Second Tenor, GEORGE E. BURDEN.
First Bass, FRANK H. NEWTON.
Second Bass, A. C. ANTHONY.

The following was the order of service:

Voluntary, Processional March, *Scotson Clarke.*
Te Deum, *Howard M. Dow.*
Responsive Reading.
Gloria.
Reading of Scripture.
Prayer, REV. FREDERIC DENISON.
Response, Bass Solo—" Prayer before Battle," *Himmel.*
Morning Hymn—"America," *Rev. Samuel F. Smith.*
Sermon, REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, D. D.
Anthem—" The Radiant Morn," *Woodward.*
Benediction.

SERMON

ISAIAH, XXX. 11, 12. Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh.

WITHIN the present century, there has been no more gloomy period of our national history than the few months immediately preceding the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, as President of the Republic. The leading politicians of the Southern States were defiant and aggressive in their disloyalty. State after State declared its independence of the general government and its secession from the Union. Seven in all along the seaboard and the gulf, before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, had passed ordinances of secession, and others, especially the border States, were hesitating, "letting I dare not wait upon I would." The weakness and inefficiency of the Administration in dealing with the rebellious elements had been amply proved. Worst of all was the general distrust which prevailed throughout the North, not so much of the spirit and purposes of those who had proclaimed their intentions of breaking up the Union, as of the spirit and purposes of one's own neighbors and friends. Was it true, as foreign critics had declared, that patriotism was impossible in a Republic? Had the institution of slavery so demoralized the national

sentiment and weakened the national conscience as to prove fatal to the national life? The gravest apprehensions prevailed. Men's hearts failed them through fear of the possible consequences of political strife. Senators and representatives in Congress from the South left their seats, officers in the army and navy resigned their positions. It was known throughout the North that preparations for actual warfare were making in some of the Southern States. We anxiously asked ourselves more than once "How will this end?" Is Webster's foreboding vision of the "sun shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds and drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood," about to be realized? No one could tell, for no one could prophesy of the madness that afterward ruled the hour. But it was evident to all that a crisis was upon the nation, which must be met with resolution, firmness and courage. Was Mr. Lincoln himself the man for the hour,—untried, inexperienced in government, almost unknown, pitted against the boldest, shrewdest and even the ablest politicians of the country? Might not Mr. Toombs's threat be carried out, that he would yet call the roll of his slaves in Faneuil Hall?

Mr. Lincoln barely escaped assassination on his way to Washington, but, thanks to the loyalty of General Scott, the inaugural ceremonies were con-

ducted in safety and with the dignified decorum befitting the occasion. What a terrible responsibility faced the new executive! The Southern Confederacy was already formed, and some of the national arsenals in the Southern States were in its hands. One or two fortified places alone bore upon their staffs the flag of the Union, and these were beleaguered by hostile forces, ready at any time to commit the overt act of treason. No supplies or reënforcements could be sent to these isolated posts without provoking attack. What could be done by the President, uncertain of his support? We did not know then, as afterwards we knew full well, what consummate tact, what heroic fortitude, what wonderful intellectual power, what unsurpassed skill in governing, what indomitable spirit, what unwavering faith in the stability of the Republic, and what unswerving trust in God were lying latent in his simple, unpretentious manhood. We have forgotten the homely and ungraceful exterior. We have learned to revere and love the brave, noble and beautiful soul that made him the Providential man of this century of our national life. "For him" indeed nature "threw aside her old-world moulds,"

"And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West
With stuff untainted, shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see

Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!"

Ah! comrades, how little did we know, when we saw this man around our camps and received his friendly greeting,—"the quaint and homely smile" with its "glory and its grace," that

"Here was a type of the true older race
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

Praise be to our God that he raised up this man to lead us through those days of darkness, doubt and almost despair, to glory, victory and peace!

Mr. Lincoln knew the people better than they knew him. But even he must have been surprised into boundless admiration when, at his call for volunteers to save the capital and the government, the myriads of the North and West sprang to his summons, ready to do and to sacrifice all things in defence of the principles of liberty, determined that, so far as they could avail, disunion should not triumph, and slavery, with its aggressive tyranny, should not become the corner-stone of a national structure of pretended freedom. It was the uprising of a great nation, resolved even unto death that "government of the people, by the people, for the people," should "not perish from the earth." Your efforts and mine may not have counted for much by

themselves in the performance of the great task. But we may be sure that they were not lost. The single rain drop in the shower, the little globe of dew in the summer morning, the ray of light finding its way through the ether, may not seem to be of much importance in itself, but they are all related to infinite wisdom and power, and not one is lost in the great divine scheme of creation. So not a sincere prayer, not a tear of sympathy, not a sacrifice of happiness or life, not a deed of self-forgetful heroism in man or woman, but helped in its way to carry the nation through to its triumph, and to show to all mankind that patriotism, in its highest sense, can have its brightest illustration in a Republic.

Now I ask the question what was all this for? Why was it that you and I, accustomed before only to peaceful pursuits, stood in battle array on that warm July Sunday, thirty-four years ago? The answer comes — and I would impress it on you now — that this great uprising is emphatically an object lesson of patriotism. The echoes of the guns that were fired upon Fort Sumter had scarcely died away when, as by an electric shock, the entire people of the Northern States rose to the height of patriotic feeling. All differences were fused in the ardent and glowing fire. The latent force, which is in the inextinguishable love of liberty that makes human life grand and heroic, showed itself with an irresistible power. Had the President called for twice or thrice

the number, his word would have prevailed. We remember well how the men came thronging to the places of rendezvous, and how grievous was the disappointment when they could not all be received. We remember the stirring events of that eventful week, the departure of regiments that were already organized for service, from Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, the attack on the Sixth Massachusetts at Baltimore, the rupture of railroad communication with Washington, the occupation of Annapolis by General Butler, the departure from our State of the Battery and the first detachment of the First Regiment with its Colonel and the Governor of the State, followed soon after by the second detachment. How vividly it all appears to-day! This regiment of ours, a thousand strong and more, under the lead of our dear commander, was fully equipped, armed, provisioned and ready to take the field at once. The three months' volunteers—could I but speak of them as though I were not of their number—were the men for a great emergency, and they met it bravely, faithfully, and in a manner worthy of the cause. To say that they saved the capital at the time is but to speak of half their merit. Bear with me for a moment as I repeat what I wrote in the autumn of 1861.

"In the case of our own regiment, and this is but one out of many, men left their business, their families, their all, at a few hours' notice. Some relinquished important enterprises. Some changed their

entire plans of life. Some gave up contemplated visits abroad. Some hurried home from abroad to strike one blow for the country, which was all the dearer to them for its peril and for their separation from its shores." These men and such as these "saved the government. A few weeks' delay would have been fatal. The bravery, the skill, the adaptedness to novel circumstances which they displayed, were the hope of the country and the assurance of stability in the maintenance of the State. The moral effect of the uprising of the people, as manifested in the action of the early volunteers, must be taken into account in making up our judgment. Men engaged in peaceful occupations at once became soldiers. It was proved that American citizens of every grade in life and of every kind of employment, possessed the capacity, the will and the courage of well-trained armies." Moreover, I said then: "A training of three years, should the war continue, will make of this army an invincible force, which no foreign power will be in haste to meet. But the policy of the American nation is peace with all the world, if it can be honorably maintained; and the nations of Europe will see the survivors of the war returning to their usual occupations, and resuming their former life as good citizens, obedient to law and observant of the rules of public order. The soldiers who have gone and the people who have sent them are proving themselves worthy of the institutions which they are

defending and supporting. God be praised that American manhood, American valor and American loyalty have exhibited such noble characteristics before the eyes of all mankind!"

The First Regiment was a part of the advance guard. The Second Regiment was a part of the main body, recruited afterwards and enlarged to the dimensions of an immense host, whose purpose and spirit in the main were the same as characterized the men of '61. But both present the same characteristics. What I say of the one I say of the other. They were the early volunteers. BURNSIDE and SLOCUM were a noble pair of brothers, and those whom they led were worthy of their leaders. As they stood side by side, receiving their baptism of blood, they showed the same courage and the same high sense of patriotic duty. For both came of the same stock, were moved by the same impulse, were animated by the same spirit, and were engaged in the same duty. It must be borne in mind, too, in our consideration, that it was the day of small bounties. As compared with the large sums paid in the later years of the war, the amount proffered was a mere bagatelle. The pecuniary inducement was certainly very slight. It cannot be said that there was any equivalent in this respect for the sacrifices which you then made. And it must also be borne in mind that these sacrifices were not alone for that day. The unaccustomed duty of campaigning entailed a large

measure of disability through subsequent years. For it has been declared by trustworthy authority that scarcely a man who saw any service, even of moderate severity, during the war for the Union, escaped the pains and sicknesses consequent upon his exposure to the privations and hardships of military life. Those who were delicate soon succumbed. Those who were robust carried to maturer years the marks of their hurts and the sense of a diminution of physical vigor. I do not speak now of the sorrows of the mind and heart, of homes made desolate, of affections blighted, of disappointed hopes and a crushed ambition; for these are beyond any diagnosis, and are not to be estimated. The flippant criticism which is sometimes made upon the services of the men, whose deeds and sacrifices saved the Republic, the ungenerous, indiscriminating sneers which are directed against their character and their acts proceed, let us hope, from ignorance and want of appreciation rather than from malevolence. Yet the ignorance is unpardonable and the want of appreciation is wholly unworthy of an American manhood. Can the nation be too generous to those who saved it from destruction?

Again, bear in mind that it was no love of strife that led the men of '61 and those who followed them, to take up arms. Man is said to be a fighting animal, and the natural state of humanity is a state of war. But certainly, when we went out to meet the

foes of the government, it was with no feeling of hatred or of the enmity that thirsted for blood. There was very little of the "rapture of battle" that makes men fierce as wild beasts and forgetful of mercy, cruel even in an ostensible act of kindness. War at the best is a terrible evil, unsanctioned by any word of Christ, and a field of battle is a sickening spectacle in its exhibitions of the savagery of human nature. Oh, dear friends and comrades, not through any love of such deeds or scenes did we undertake the service to which we were called! Men sometimes speak of the glory which is gained in successful war. But what glory awaited the thousands who fell in the shock of battle and to-day sleep in unknown graves? A few leaders win the fame of brave and skilful leadership. But the rank and file, the private soldiers, without whose steadfast loyalty and devoted heroism the fame never would be won, must be content to remain unhonored and obscure. Only occasionally did one go out as private and return in command. The historian will not mention their names; the poet will not sing their deeds. They are still the private soldiers and have no hope of promotion till God calls over the muster roll of His faithful ones above.

What, then, was the motive power of this great movement? It was not the expectation of pecuniary reward. It was not the love of fighting. It was not the hope of promotion. Men do not generally

put their happiness or their lives, or the happiness of those who are dearer than life, in peril for such objects. It was rather from an overmastering sense of duty; it was from the impulse of the purest patriotism that this unparalleled act proceeded. The student left his books, the professional man his study, the mechanic his workshop, the man of business his counting-room, the man of leisure his life of idleness and comfort — why? Because his country called him; because the Republic was in danger; because liberty was in peril; because the commonwealth demanded his service. The voices which spoke from the love of gain, the love of fame, the love of home,— the most potent voices that in general sound through our life, — were all silent when the voice of duty was heard.

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*."

Now patriotism is of three kinds: 1, That which springs from loyalty to a person. The most notable instance of this kind, perhaps, is to be found in Russia, where the people have a marvellous devotion to the Czar, who is the father of the nation. It is disturbed by Nihilism, the hatred of those who have suffered, in themselves, or in the persons of dear relatives, the horrors of Siberian imprisonment, and the hereditary enmity of oppressed and expatriated Poles. But, notwithstanding these discordant ele-

ments, "Holy Russia," as under the direction and control of the "White Czar," is the object of a supreme affection. What I have said is true of any absolute monarchy where patriotism centres in the person of the sovereign. 2. The second kind is that which springs from loyalty to institutions. Of this, the most remarkable instance is to be found in the British Empire. The long, and in some respects, glorious, history of the English people, the reverence for an unwritten but really imperative constitution, the pride that comes from the consciousness of vast possessions, wide-extended regions of territory, an army whose drumbeat follows the sun in his course around the globe, a navy whose flag floats on every sea—all these tend to create a feeling of devotion to the "meteor flag of England" that has "braved for a thousand years the battle and the breeze," which is equalled only by the love of the German for the Fatherland. The wrongs of Ireland can never be forgotten or forgiven. But still the "integrity of the empire" becomes the motto of the great party that secures the triumph of institutions, which retain their vitality through every vicissitude of the national history, although the age is fast outgrowing them. Even the Irish soldiers in the British army rarely, if ever, prove disloyal. 3. But the highest type of patriotism is that which has its source in loyalty to principles; and, when those principles are the underlying forces of a self-governing state, the patriotism that springs

from them is irresistible in its power, as it is the purest in its character. And here we have the noblest example in our own Republic. Moreover, it is this which lifted the war for the Union out of the low level of ordinary civil strife and gave to it a sacred character of its own. It was not simply a war for freedom. It was the vindication of the power and principle of self-government, under a flag of which every star and every stripe speaks of a heroic self-sacrifice and a love of liberty that triumphs over death.

> "Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
> By angel hands to valor given,
> Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
> And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
> Forever float that standard sheet!
> Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
> With Freedom's soil beneath our feet
> And Freedom's banner floating o'er us!"

The patriotism which the Republic evokes is, I repeat — and it cannot be too often repeated — of the very purest character. It is true that we have a wide territory reaching from sea to sea, a marvellous variety of climate and production, inexhaustible mineral resources, a soil whose fertility is beyond compare, scenery of mountain, lake and river unsurpassed, and all material good that heart can wish. But it is not for these that we love our country. It is also true that we have noble and famous men and brave and heroic deeds to illustrate our history, and institutions,

social and political, of which any people may well be proud. But it is not for these that we love our country. It is above all for those great principles which lie at the foundation of our national life and which are the source of all its power, that we love this land of ours; because it has been and is destined to be the theatre on which humanity is working out successfully — though it may be with many and sometimes discouraging hindrances — the providential problem of self-government: freedom under authority, liberty under law, a commonwealth in whose welfare every member has a personal interest, a republic whose sovereignty is in the national conscience and the national heart, and whose life is destined to endure as long as the light of sun and moon. That is the kind of patriotism which makes heroes of the humblest, gives power to the weakest arm and valor to the lowliest heart. That is the kind of patriotism which sent you forth, my comrades, in the early days, to do and dare and, if need be, to die for the country and the flag. That is the kind of patriotism which, with the voice of wife and mother and one even dearer still than mother and father, bade you go to the way of duty and the path of death; and that is the kind of patriotism which carried the country and the flag through to their triumph! Moreover, that is the kind of patriotism which has already united North and South more closely than before, and which buries the strife beyond any fear of resurrection. Did anyone

think, in the dark days of 1860, that it was dead? The people rose in their might to vindicate its power and assure its life.

"Watchman, what of the night?" We can ask the question now with far more assurance than we could in those days of trial. The answer is far more hopeful now than then. "The morning surely cometh." For that which was said by Governor Morton, of Indiana, in 1865, and has been repeated many times since, "We are a nation undivided and indivisible," has come to be a political truism. The Republic is not an agglomeration of individuals. It is not a confederacy of states. It is a nation of self-governing freemen, a nation whose sovereignty at home is undisputed, and whose power abroad cannot successfully be questioned. At last, liberty has become national. Slavery is dead. The people of all sections are now united beyond possibility of rupture, in the vindication of the national honor and the defence of the national flag. We are all American citizens, bound together in one common Union, and that Union consecrated to freedom is at once the pride and love of all. Thus may it ever be. No domestic foe, no foreign enemy shall destroy our peace. On this broad continent an empire of freemen will, under God, work out the problem of self-government to its full solution. Whatever evils the institution of slavery left in its train will be destroyed. Patriotism will have its finest illustration. The Union will endure. Far

distant be the day when our young men and young women will cease to be interested and earnest for the welfare of the nation. I trust that it will not be necessary to sound the tocsin of war to warm their hearts to patriotic fervor. Peace has its victories as well as war, its duties, too, which are really sublime, and there are moral as well as political conflicts before us, which will try the hearts of men. So even from the days of childhood, I would have the lesson of patriotism thoroughly taught. Let every school house bear the flag, and within every school house and every home as well, let the American youth be trained to American loyalty and American citizenship. No difference of religious belief or ecclesiastical polity, or political opinion, or racial instinct, or birth at home or abroad must be allowed to separate us. We are all Americans. There is but one people, one nation, one Union, one flag. Be not disturbed by the cheap and senseless cry of "Jingoism." This fairest land of the earth belongs to ourselves and our posterity forever. For American patriotism and American valor will never cease to defend and perpetuate its life.

Comrades: as we go away from this service — and it is not at all probable that we all shall meet again on an occasion like the present — we bear with us many sacred memories. I trust that we are not ashamed to have survived the strife. But how many of our number have passed on to a higher and more peaceful service! We are waiting but a little longer for the

summons. When it comes, may we be found ready. "All present!" Yes, for we are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. They who are absent in the flesh are still "accounted for" in the spirit. Nay, are they not even now speaking from the serene heights above, and telling us, even as with a divine voice, that what they have won by virtue and self-sacrifice is worth far more than it has cost? The roll of the dead is too long for me to call. Each one of us carries in his heart the remembrance of some dear comrade — possibly some brother and kinsman — who stood by his side in the deadly strife, or who, since the strife has ended, has passed into the eternal silence. Not one alone but many hold a place there, and with a touching and tender memory, call our own lives anew to the performance of patriotic duty. Surely, our meeting together this morning brings to our minds many a sacred recollection, and all that I have said has had some reference and application to the service which our departed comrades have rendered in making our own life more dear and faithful. They died as servants of duty. They died as patriots. They died that the nation might live. We certainly never would forget them as we gather year by year in our reunions. Nay, even as we pass along the busy street, day by day, there is a silence in our hearts as we recall the familiar forms of those whom we have known and loved, and whom we almost expect to meet and greet once and again. Nearly all the origi-

nal officers of the First and Second have gone and a great number of the privates. "In the vast cathedral" of the divine love, we leave them. "God accept" them, "Christ receive" them! "To them who are beyond the river, peace!" To us who remain, a fresh consecration to duty, that we may be faithful even unto death!

"Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh." Aye, the day has already come, a day that shall know no night forevermore!

APPENDIX

By George Edward Allen.

At the twenty-third annual reunion of the Veteran Association of the First Regiment of Rhode Island Detached Militia and First Battery, held at Oakland Beach, July 20, 1895, a very pleasant episode was the presentation of a solid silver salver and pitcher, bearing the following inscription, written by Major William Goddard:

"Rev. Augustus Woodbury, D. D., from the survivors of the 1st Regiment and 1st Battery:

In grateful remembrance of the warm friendship and counsel of their honored and beloved Chaplain, who by precept and example taught them lessons of patriotic devotion, and inspired them with his own courage and unfailing faith."

Adjutant Merriman made the address of presentation in singularly cordial and well chosen words, as follows:

Mr. President and Comrades:

I know that I only give voice to the feeling of you all when I say that we are more than delighted to have our revered chaplain with us to-day.

The thirty-four years that have passed away since our experiences together in the field have in no way

dimmed the strong feeling of regard which we had for him as a man as a well as a chaplain.

Is there a man present who cannot recall some act of kindness or courtesy on the part of the chaplain? Is there one who does not remember with pleasure the manly, cordial way in which all his duties were performed? To us of the First Regiment, there will always be the two names, "Burnside and Woodbury," which will awaken the warmest emotions.

It is not my habit, nor do I purpose to speak in a fulsome manner of anyone, especially in his presence, and I know that our chaplain would not like it if I did, but when I say to him, in your behalf as well as my own, that we all love and reverence him now as we have always done, I know that you will endorse what I say and he will believe it. As a token of your feeling, you have prepared this beautiful gift and have asked me to present it to the chaplain, with the hope that, when he seeks refreshment in it, it will serve to recall pleasant memories of days in the field, when the gift of a cup of cold water (even if the cup was one of tin) carried with it even more than the scriptural blessing.

Chaplain Woodbury, it is our sincere desire that you may live long to enjoy this gift and that we shall have the pleasure of your presence at many more of our reunions.

Chaplain Woodbury, deeply moved, made the following reply:

Comrades of the First Regiment:

Language seems to have almost deserted me, and is wholly inadequate to express the feelings with

which I receive this generous gift. I have received, I am happy to say, in the course of the last forty years of my active career, many gifts from many friends; for it has been my good fortune to live in a generous community. Too generous have they been, and too generously appreciative of whatever services I may have been able to render; but I can assure you most sincerely that no gift could ever touch and affect my heart with feelings of deeper gratitude than this which you have presented to me, with the cordial expression of friendship, comradeship, and fraternity. I especially thank my friend, the adjutant, for the very kind words which he has spoken on your behalf, and which are far beyond my deserts.

You remember, doubtless, the occasion of our first coming together. I was a stranger to many of you, and to almost all of you. There were a few members of my parish who belonged to this regiment, who went out with us, but of the 1,300 men, there were, probably, a thousand that had never seen or known of me before I became your chaplain. I very much dislike to speak of myself, and I trust you will pardon a word of personal reminiscence. When Governor Sprague did me the honor to appoint me, I said to him, "Is it necessary that I should go?" He said, "It is absolutely necessary." Then I said, "I will go;" and certainly I accepted no duty with greater satisfaction. When we left Fox Point wharf, I thought the matter over, after having parted with my friends and church and family; I said to myself, "Here are these men who will look to me for help and guidance." The chief question with me was, "What shall I do for their welfare and benefit?"

That question I tried to answer to the best of my ability, poor as it may have been; for the results were not altogether such as I would have wished. From that time to the end of our service together the regiment was my parish and my family, and the chief desire of my heart was to promote its welfare in every way possible. You know what the multifarious duties of a chaplain were at Camp Sprague and elsewhere. If I gained any success in their performance, it was largely due to your indulgence and ready coöperation.

I think that there was a feeling of mutual confidence from the start, and thus the duty became easy. There was a sense, not only of responsibility, but also of true friendship and affection, and this has continued with us both even until the present moment. The sentiment which bound us together was of the heart; but whatever it may have been, I can assure you that it does not begin to equal the gratitude which your kind feeling and generous action to-day have evoked. It may not be that many of us will remain here a great while longer. We shall not all meet again on earth. We shall go our various ways, as divine Providence appoints, but during the entire period of my life, as it shall be spared to me in years to come, you may be sure I shall cherish this gift of yours. It will be a memento not simply of military service and the sharing with you of the dangers of the field and hardships of the march and the camp, but a testimonial of a friendship which ripened into love, and which will not end through all the ages of the life to come. I have no children to whom I can leave this

souvenir. If I had, they certainly should be told that one of the dearest and best possessions which I could bequeath to them, is this testimonial of the generous kindness, the delightful comradeship, and the genuine fraternity of the First Rhode Island Regiment.

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